

POETICAL ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM COOKE, A.M.

Fellow of NEW COLLEGE in OXFORD,

Master of the Free Grammar School at THAME in OXFORDSHIRE,

AND

Chaplain to the Most Honourable the MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE.

*In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria: Si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Appollo.*

VIRG.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CATHARINE HAY.

M A D A M,

TH E generous Patronage of Your Ladyship, and the noble Family of which You are, gave Occasion to many of the Pieces in this Collection of POETICAL ESSAYS; and the gracious Indulgence which the Author has ever experienced from it, encourages Him to look up for Protection to that Benevolence which was the original Cause of their Existence. He is truly sensible how little worthy of Your Ladyship's, or the public Attention, these juvenile Pieces can be, yet will not doubt but that the distinguished Honor, which they are now permitted to receive, will give them a better Title to the Favor of the Candid and Discerning. In the mean time the Performances themselves, however deficient in other Respects, have this Kind of negative Merit to recommend them, that they contain Nothing which can offend the strictest Morality and

the chastest Ear; and be the Success what it may, it is some sort of Excellence to have aimed at Praise.

My further Reasons for this Address Your Ladyship has forbidden me to make mention of. The Manner in which You do Good, and the End which You propose in conferring Benefits, will not permit me to express that Warmth of Gratitude which dilates my Heart, or to acknowledge properly a Debt which will be ever paying; much less to account particular for that Esteem and Veneration which is professed by all who know Your Ladyship and the House of TWEEDDALE. That all those great and amiable Endowments, which are so immediately derived to You from Your illustrious Parent, may through You be perpetuated in your Line to latest Ages, will be ever the fervent Prayer of,

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's most devoted
and most faithful Servant,*

WILLIAM COOKE.

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H A P P I N E S S.

The A R G U M E N T.

ALL Things on Earth are frail, changeable and uncertain, to Verse 35. We are happy only in Comparison to the more wretched, to Verse 46. Virtue only is true Happiness, to Verse 55. exemplified in the Contentment of the Swiss, to Verse 65. of the American, to Verse 77. of the Greenlander, to Verse 113. No Happiness in Avarice, to Verse 121. nor on this Side the Grave, to Verse 129. The perishable Conditions of Empires, States, Kings and the most favoured Persons, and Virtue only stable, to Verse 167. yet all would be thought virtuous, to Verse 171. The Unhappiness of Military Glory exemplified in ALEXANDER the Great, to Verse 177. in XERXES, to Verse 183. in CHARLES the XIIth of Sweden, to Verse 203. The Power of Conscience, to Verse 215. Motives to Humility and Religion, to the End.

H A P P I N E S S.

WEEP not, frail Man, thy narrow Span of Life,
That chequer'd Scene of Pleasure and of Strife!

Wealth, Beauty, Wit, the Honors of a Day,
Now flash, then gently burn, and die away.

What Man for Wisdom fam'd, or greatly brave,
Cou'd once escape the Silence of the Grave?

5

Death's undiscerning Scythe alike mows down
The courtly Tyrant and the rural Clown.

The trophied Arch and proud embattled Tow'r
Yield to the Shock of one destructive Hour.

10

Where Rocks late rose, the Barrier of the Tide,
Ships now securely moor, and Navies ride.

Towns, which the Glories of great Kingdoms stood,
Lie, Fathoms sunk beneath th' encroaching Flood:

At Eve the weary Hind from yonder Steep
Views lofty Cities nodding in the Deep: 15

Framing his Reasons why some lavish Hand
Should sink these Turrets in the wat'ry Sand ;
Th' untutor'd Mind concludes, in such a Place
Must reign the Monarchs of the *Fairy* Race. 20

Hardy in vain, we stem Fame's boist'rous Tide,
Or on the fleeting Clouds of Honor ride ;
Since adverse Fate can spread her dusky Wing,
And blast the Hopes of a succeeding Spring.
Fortune but places on her slippery Ball, 25
To shew from thence how easy 'tis to fall :
And when we gain the too advent'rous Flight ;
How vast the Ruin from that giddy Height !
We follow Glory, and her glitt'ring Toys,
And catch at Shadows as substantial Joys. 30
So the lost Traveller, at Close of Day,
Surrounding Woods and trying every Way,

Or sees, or seems to see, some distant Light,
Now lost, and now full blazing on his Sight.

The Man who's safely landed on the Shore, 35
Hears with Delight the scouling Tempest roar,
With secret Pleasure sees the Danger rise,
And all the dreadful Tumult of the Skies. —
Not that the Soul enjoys another's Pain,
Or counts another's Loss its greatest Gain; 40
But that we stand secur'd from sudden Woe,
Nor feel the griping Pangs which others know.
Unhurt ourselves, with Joy we view from far
The bloody Carnage, and the doubtful War.
Pleas'd with the Scene, the Mind unmov'd discerns 45
Where Horror rages, and the Battle burns.

But far superior is the glorious Sight
Which Virtue gives us from her sacred Height;
To see the frothy Tide that rolls below,
Where Follies float and empty Bubbles flow: 50

To see --- and yet unconscious of the Smart,
 How Passions wild deform the human Heart;
 How Appetites deceive; how Errors blind,
 And lead to dang'rous Paths th' unthinking Mind.

Thus the contented Swiss, secure below 55
 Aspiring Hills, and Mountains capt with Snow,
 Without Ambition views th' unsteady Great
 Panting for Honors, 'midst the Cliffs of Fate,
 And leaves the giddy Fools, still mounting higher,
 To rise in Whirlwinds, and in Dust expire. 60
 The sigh'd-for Joy how seldom do we find
 With Wealth, with Grandeur, and with Pow'r combin'd:
 How rarely parry the vindictive Sword,
 The TURBAN'D SULTAN, and the MOORISH LORD.

The PAINTED INDIAN loves his barb'rous Coasts, 65
 Bespeaks his Triumphs, and his Glory boasts.
 Nor thinks he here his Thirst of Fight shall end,
 But that he shall to other Lands descend,
 There to renew his War and barb'rous Toils,
 There strip the *Beaver* of his furry Spoils: 70

There other Fields with purple Streams distain,
And seek the *Elk* upon another Plain.

Hence, fierce as *Wolves*, and prodigal of Breath,
They rush impetuous on the Ranks of Death:

And hence his Dog, his Hatchet, and his Bow,
Are sent to serve him in the Realms below.

75

On the bleak Shores of GREENLAND's ice-bound Plains,
Where Winter, iron Winter, ever reigns;

Where the chill'd Earth, beneath eternal Snow,
Nor sees the Harvest bend, nor Vintage flow;

80

The *Boor* in Poverty contented lives,

Nor loaths the scanty Treat which Nature gives:

Tho' born and nurs'd beneath th' inclement Sky,

To milder Climes he turns no envious Eye,

Nor wou'd he bask where Suns for ever shine,

85

Or pant with swarthy Kings beneath the Line;

Vainly repines not at his little Lot;

His mossy Couches, and his straw-built Cot;

For well he knows, tho' on that dreary Shore,

That Peace has charms beyond the golden Ore;

90

That Health and sweet Tranquillity outshine
The brightest Diamond from the INDIAN Mine.
Altho' no fervile Minions hail him Lord,
Nor costly Viands grace his humble Board,
His wonted Labor serves a richer Feast 95
Than all the gilded Slav'ry of the East;
Nor knows the Cares on festive Pomp that wait,
Nor fears the racking Pangs of pamper'd State.
From Man sequester'd, tho' he ne'er receives
The gay Vicissitude that Pleasure gives: 100
For half the Year imprison'd from the Light,
He finds his Comforts in the long-liv'd Night:
A Huntsman now, he draws his faithful Bow,
Fleets with his *Rein-deer* o'er the Realms of Snow;
His simple Virtue, fetter'd by no Rules, 105
Knows not the nice Distinctions of the Schools;
Nor will to Heav'n an idle Pray'r address,
His Wants are fewer, as his Knowledge less.
For what is all this Wisdom, but to know
With finer Sense, how sharp is human Woe? 110
With quicker Eyes each coming Grief to see,
And feel the bitter Load of Misery?

In murky Dungeon bid the Wretch be free,
Bid him not wish a better Day to see;
Go bid him pleas'd embrace the galling Chain, 115
And smile when writh'd with agonizing Pain:
Then bid the Man be happy in his Store,
Whose Toils incessant roam in Quest of more!
We still complain and wrangle with our Lot,
We seek, we gain, we lose, we know not what. 120

Where shall we seek for Laughter-loving Ease?
Where the soft Music of persuasive Peace?
Where haughty Wealth the gilded Ceiling shews?
She haunts not these, but loves the calm Repose
Of *Charnel* Vaults, under whose fretted Dome 125
Pale fleeting *Shades* and meagre *Phantoms* roam;
There gives her Laws with unmolested Sway
To the cold Ashes of dissolving Clay.

Say, BABYLON, on what extended Plain
Moulder thy poor Remains, now fought in vain? 130
We see no more thy Pride and Pomp of State,
No servile Monarchs suppliant at thy Gate:

Within thy Chambers and thy costly Halls

The bloated *Toad* and slimy *Serpent* crawls.

EUPHRATES now less haughty rolls his Flood,

135

Unnotic'd where his Palaces once stood :

No *antique* maim'd Inscription points out, *Here*

Was BABYLON, or once demands a Tear :

Nor present Ages to the future tell

Where once thy Glory shone, and where it fell.

140

But *duly* transient is the Fate of Walls,

And frail the Fabric, where the Builder falls.

Lo! JORDAN, weeping for her Heroes slain,

Bubbles her plaintive Murmurs to the Main,

In purple Tears reveals the piteous Tale

145

To every Sister Stream in every Vale.

Go now, and bid a thousand Heifers bleed,

Invoke a thousand Demons to thy Aid,

Not to be fed with Blood of slaughter'd Kine,

Offer thy first-born Sons on MOLOCH's Shrine.

150

Where is thy Prince who with *seraphic* Fire

Strung to his Maker's Praise the founding Lyre ?

When

H A P P I N E S S.

When ISRAEL's list'ning Sons, a pious Throng,
In Crowds drank deeply the *prophetic* Song.
Then GAZA wept, and ASCALON deplor'd 155
Her Fields wide-wasted by thy conqu'ring Sword.
Where is the Man who by some babling Stream
Felt the strong Impulse of *prophetic* Dream,
Or on the Summit high of pendent Rocks
Craggy, impervious to the neighb'ring Flocks, 160
In Vision wrapt, expos'd to future Times
JUDAH's polluted Rites and impious Crimes?
Thus fell the favour'd Few, distinguish'd high,
Resign'd they fell, and sunk without a Sigh.
All that cou'd perish is dissolv'd and gone; 165
And Virtue claims Stability alone.

To varnish o'er our Guilt each poor Pretence
Is made a Plea, and tortur'd into Sense.
But where's the mighty Profit if we gain
An Hour of Pleasure for an Age of Pain? 170

Where are the Tyrants of the World? Say where:
Where lies the GRECIAN PHILIP's conqu'ring Heir?

The Curse of Nations, by no Tie confin'd,
Spoiler of Kings and Plund'rer of Mankind;
And to th' astonish'd World the burning Star, 175
Portending Carnage, and devouring War?

Lo! ASIA's haughty Lord! whose impious Hand
Cou'd fetter Seas and level half the Land,
Viewing his Millions on the dusky Coast,
Wedg'd in with Chariots and a banner'd Host, 180
Felt Terrors in his Breast and boding Fears,
That quell'd his Man, and gave him up to Tears.

Behold young GOTHIC CHARLES dispensing Fate,
While War and Peace his dread Command await!
Nor Cold nor Heat through Climes from Pole to Pole, 185
Can tame the rugged Temper of his Soul;
Where'er he moves pale Fear and wild Dismay,
Foul Rout and Desolation mark his Way.
The Queen of Beauty spreads in vain her Charms;
Pleasure in vain allures him to her Arms: 190
Nor burning Sands obstruct, nor frozen Plains,
O'er Nature's self extend his wide Domains;

But see the Monarch bend his weary Way,
Weak and inglorious from PULTOWA's Day!
Behold him bleeding, naked, and alone, 195
A needy Beggar at a barb'rous Throne.
Where now the Triumphs from his boundless Scheme?
All fall'n and vanish'd like a baseless Dream.
Blush, Glory, blush! thy faithless Laurels mourn!
Since a few transient Moments can o'erturn 200
What scarce successive Conquests cou'd obtain,
With Seas of Gore, and Millions lost in vain.

Nature will, still the same, in Spite of Schools,
Create us wise, or will confirm us Fools.
Conscience reclaims, congenial with the Soul, 205
Counsels unbid, and vainly we controul:
'Tis this that freezes up the Villain's Blood,
And whispers still, " 'Tis easy to be Good:"
And speaks him deaf alike to Mercy's Cries,
Who murders Nations, and who tortures Flies. 210
Mercy descending on the Wretched down,
Makes great, beyond the scepter'd Monarch's Crown:

'Tis mightiest in the Mighty ; and receives
Doubly the precious Blessing which it gives.

Fond, foolish Man! examine well thy Heart ; 215
Enquire, 'twill scarcely tell Thee that Thou art.
Say where Thou wast, when at the Thund'rer's Tongue
Harmonious Order from Confusion sprung?
Where, when He spread the Mantle of the Night
O'er Matter's Form, or gave it into Light? 220
Where, when in Heav'n the sheeted Clouds He curl'd,
Or fix'd the solid Basis of the World?
Where, when He bade the Sea no farther go ;
Or made from rocky Hills the Torrent flow?
Where, when adown A R A B I A's happy Vales 225
He breath'd her Spice and *aromatic* Gales?
Supreme, all-wise, and omnipresent King!
From whom all Things have sprung, and all shall spring ;
Our worldly Strength and sublunary Pow'r
Thy Will hath destin'd to a stated Hour. 230
Time shall grow old, and Nature shall decay,
The starry Pole and Heav'ns shall pass away,
But Thou alone shalt never fail, thy Name
OMNIPOTENT, ETERNAL, and THE SAME. 234

S T A N Z A S

W R I T T E N A T

G O D S T O W E N U N N E R Y

Near O X F O R D.

Ignoscenda tamen, scirent si ignoscere.

V I R G.

I.

A H! while alongst these Banks a deeper Shade,
From yonder moss-grown Walls, and mould'ring Tow'rs,
Embrowns the Noon-tide Horrors of the Glade,
And blasts the Blossom of its opening Flow'rs ;

II.

Ah ! while with trembling Steps I slowly tread
Beneath the tott'ring Arch, and fretted Dome ;
Methinks I starting hear the sheeted Dead
Plaint out their storied Sorrows from the Tomb.

III.

Lo! ROSAMOND *, beneath yon silent Vale,
 Close by the falling Stream's dull Murmur, roves
 A fleshless Spectre ; and laments the Tale,
 The piteous Tale of her disastrous Loves.

* ROSAMOND, or ROSE CLIFFORD, was the Daughter of WALTER, LORD CLIFFORD, and born in 1151. In her Infancy she was carefully educated in her Father's House ; and when she grew up was sent for Improvement to the Nunnery at GODSTOWE, where the Nuns lived religiously and pleasantly, being indulged with the Liberty of visiting the neighbouring Villages, and allowed every Sort of innocent Mirth.

As she grew up she became equally conspicuous for her Beauty, and for the Graces of her Mind ; the Fame of which having reached the Ears of King HENRY the II^d, he became enamoured, and found Means to corrupt this lovely Woman, at the Age of seventeen. She remained absolute Mistress of the King's Heart for many Years, which exceedingly inflamed his high-spirited Queen, ELEANOR ; who, as she brought him the Dutchy of AQUITAINE, and the County of POICTIERS, so she warmly resented his Infidelity to her Bed.

The King thought to preserve ROSAMOND by keeping her privately. *Farnham* Castle in *Surry* was some Time her Residence. But afterward she removed into *Oxfordshire*, where the King built for her a curious Seat near the Royal Palace at WOODSTOCK, which in those Days was called ROSAMOND's Bower, and is said to have been so contrived, that it was not easy to find out the fair Lady's Apartment ; and besides there were subterraneous Passages to favour the Escape of ROSAMOND, in Case the jealous Queen should attempt any Thing against her.

The current Story of her Death is, that the jealous and enraged Queen having by the Means of a Clue of Thread obtained Admittance into the secret Recesses

IV.

Where wast Thou, HENRY, in that luckless Day,
To chase the Terrors of that fatal Hour,
When Jealousy pursu'd her bloody Way,
Thro' the wild Mazes of the secret Bow'r?

V.

" Save me, she cry'd; Ah save me from her Rage!
" Where is the wonted Succour of that Arm,
" Whose Presence once cou'd ev'ry Grief assuage,
" And ev'ry Boding of my Fears disarm?

VI.

" See, ELEANOR, the Object of thy Hate
" Low at thy Feet and all-expiring lie!
" Relenting, pity, Oh! my hapless State,
" And think, Oh! think, how hard it is to die!

of the Bower, appeared before the trembling ROSAMOND with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl of Poison in the other, the latter of which she is said to have made her Choice, and expired by.

This happened in the Year 1177, which was the 24th of HENRY the II^d, who was extravagantly fond of her Memory, and for her Sake bestowed great Favors on GODSTOWE Nunnery, to which, while living, she was a great Benefactress, and where, by her own Desire, she was buried.

VII.

“ To leave and change this all-enliv’ning Light
“ For the dark clay-cold Mansions of the Tomb,
“ To sink, for ever lost, in endless Night,
“ A trembling Prey to Death’s relentless Doom.

VIII.

“ And must these Limbs so once admir’d, this Face,
“ To which thy HENRY bow’d a willing Slave,
“ Now rot, and fester in the cold Embrace
“ Of black Corruption and the loathsome Grave?

IX.

“ Spare me, and then for ever will I dwell
“ Where Virgin Saints, by the pale Taper’s Rays,
“ Immur’d beneath the Cloyster’s gloomy Cell,
“ Offer to Heav’n the Incense of their Praise.

X.

“ O! then no lab’ring Terrors shalt Thou find,
“ No jealous Fears shall then invade thy Breast,
“ No Canker Care then rankle in thy Mind,
“ Or feed upon the Blossoms of thy Rest.”

XI.

In vain Thou plead'st, alas! in vain thine Eyes
Speak the persuasive Language of a Tear:
Nor Tears, nor heaving Sobs, nor broken Sighs,
Can pierce offended Jealousy's dull Ear!

XII.

Yet well the Story of thy Tale might move
Each softer Heart, that feels Another's Woe;
For sure, unless it be a Crime to love,
No Crime thy tender Age cou'd ever know.

XIII.

For *Thee* the pitying Muse shall weep, and weave
For *Thee*, along her Isis silver Tide,
The mournful Honours of her tend'rest Wreath,
And deck thy Ashes with a silvan Pride.

XIV.

Weeping her brightest Copy is no more,
Yearly great Beauty's Queen shall thither go;
And Love repair, to mourn his faithless Store,
His pointless Arrows, and his broken Bow.

XV.

Thy Grave shall yearly bloom with Violets crown'd
And Spring *Ambrosial* shall embalm the Air,
And pour her choicest Odours all around
The Sod, that lightly lies upon the Fair.

A

NIGHT THOUGHT.

I.

THE Clock has struck ; poor wretched Man, beware ;
 The passing Knell of thy departed Hours
 Is rung,---and equal Dissolution's near
 Sad Poverty's low Cot and Grandeur's Tow'rs.

II.

Now *Horror* hanging from some Rock's loose Side,
 An *Echo* to the plaintive *Night-bird's* Moan,
 Hears from afar the hollow murm'ring Tide,
 The Tempest's Howl, and the wreck'd Sailor's Groan.

III.

Some 'nighted Wand'rer o'er yon barren Waste
 Doubles his Speed, unknowing where to fly,
 Half dead with eager Fear and trembling Haste,
 While Fancy forms pale Shadows fleeting by.

IV.

What Confidence, O Man! now steels thy Breast,
While Midnight Phantasies attend thy Bed?
What magic Pow'r can lull thy Soul to Rest,
While gloomy Horrors roll around thy Head?

V.

Whence the Persuasion that returning Day
Shall break the leaden Tyranny of Night?
Whence the fond Hope that e'er one solar Ray
Shall cheer the World, or give it into Light?

VI.

O Thou, my God, and thine immortal Pow'r,
Soothing these awful Terrors of my Soul,
Disarm'st the Rage of ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
The bloody Dagger, and the pois'nous Bowl:

VII.

Thy friendly guarding Hand is ever near,
And turns the thick-spread Darknefs into Light;
Dissolves each anxious Thought, and rising Fear,
And makes each coming Morn serenely bright.

VIII.

O may I at the solemn Trump's Command,
When Gods themselves shall fear, and Angels weep,
When Kings shall bend, and Tyrants trembling stand,
Awake to Life from Death's long-lasting Sleep!

MAN THAT IS BORN OF A WOMAN HATH BUT A SHORT TIME TO
LIVE, AND IS FULL OF MISERY. HE COMETH UP AND IS CUT DOWN
LIKE A FLOWER: HE FLEETH AS IT WERE A SHADOW, &c.

ALAS! how weak on Earth the narrow Span
By Heav'n allotted unto hapless Man!
His Life is Sorrow, and with plaintive Cries
He numbers all his Days by Miseries.
A Flow'r he rises from his Parent Clay;
Like it he droops, and shortly fades away.
Early in Night descends his setting Sun,
Like fleeting Shadows soon his Race is run.
In ruddiest Prime of Life, and strongest Breath,
We only tread the gloomy Vale of Death.
Oh! whither then shall Man for Succour fly?
To what kind Hand for wanted Mercy cry?
To whom but Thee, O LORD, whose righteous Face
Is justly turn'd from Man's offending Race!
Yet Thou, O GOD, wilt see the starting Tear,
And lend the Sinner's Pray'r a gracious Ear.
O may no Pains at our last trembling Hour
Fall down, O LORD, from thine avenging Pow'r!
No Pains from Thee to rend the struggling Heart,
And add a Sting to Death's embitter'd Dart.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

I.

GO search the peopled World around,
Widely exert thy active Soul,
Then own the Happy are not found
'Twixt *India* and the *Northern Pole*.

II.

We vainly form wild Dreams of Pow'r,
What mad Ambition bids, obey;
Cherish a Bliss that, like the Flow'r,
Blows but to grace a single Day.

III.

The Lover, doating on the Fair,
Counts o'er and o'er her thousand Charms,
Thinks Happiness is only there,
And Pleasure only in her Arms.

IV.

The Merchant quits the peaceful Shore
For stormy Seas, in search of Wealth,
And for the dearer golden Ore
Barters fair Ease and cheerful Health.

V.

Ambitious Pow'r can never stand ;
The Lover finds untrue the Fair ;
The Merchants wreck'd upon the Strand ;
And Hope indulg'd is but Despair.

THE

T H E
F A L L O F B A B Y L O N
A N D H E R
K I N G.

From the 13th and 14th CHAPTERS of the
P R O P H E C Y of I S A I A H*.

I.

AND is thy Pride no more --- thy tow'ring Head,
Thy Glory seated on a starry Throne!
How is the great, the golden City fled!
And how the strong, the proud Oppressor gone!

* How hath the Oppressor ceased! the golden City ceased!

The LORD hath broken the Staff of the wicked, and the Sceptre of the Rulers.
He who smote the People in Wrath with a continual Stroke; He that ruled
the Nations in Anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth.

E

II.

Lo! She who smote the trembling Nations round,
 And haughty rul'd the vanquish'd World alone,
 Herself is fall'n, --- low trodden on the Ground,
 Her Sceptre broken, and her Strength o'erthrown!

The whole Earth is at Rest and is quiet, they break forth into singing.

Yea, the Fir-trees rejoice at Thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since Thou art laid down, no Feller is come up against us.

Hell from beneath is moved for Thee, to meet Thee at thy Coming; it stirreth up the Dead for Thee, even all the chief Ones of the Earth; it hath raised up from their Thrones all the Kings of the Nations.

All they shall speak and say unto Thee, Art Thou also become weak as We? Art Thou become like unto Us?

Thy Pomp is brought down to the Grave, and the Noise of thy Viols: the Worm is spread under Thee, and the Worms cover Thee?

How art Thou fallen from Heaven, O LUCIFER, Son of the Morning! How art Thou cut down to the Ground, which didst weaken the Nations!

For Thou hast said in thine Heart, I will ascend into Heaven, I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of GOD: I will sit also upon the Mount of the Congregation, in the Sides of the North.

I will ascend above the Heights of the Clouds, I will be like the Most High. Yet Thou shalt be brought down to Hell, to the Sides of the Pit.

They that see Thee, shall narrowly look upon Thee, and consider Thee, saying, Is this the Man that made the Earth to tremble? that did shake Kingdoms?

That made the World as a Wilderness, and destroyed the Cities thereof? that opened not the House of his Prisoners?

All the Kings of the Nations, even all of them lie in Glory, every one in his own House.

III.

The Earth rejoic'd, the great Destroyer dead,
And loudly shouted o'er her sinking Pow'r;
And LEBANON high-wav'd his cedary Head,
The Feller driven from his sacred Bow'r.

But Thou art cast out of thy Grave, like an abominable Branch: and as the Raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a Sword, that go down to the Stones of the Pit, as a Carcass trodden under Feet.

Thou shalt not be joined with them in Burial, because Thou hast destroyed thy Land, and slain thy People: The Seed of evil Doers never shall be renowned.

Prepare Slaughter for his Children, for the Iniquity of their Fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the Land, nor fill the Face of the World with Cities.

For I will rise up against them, saith the LORD of Hosts, and cut off from BABYLON the Name, and Remnant, and Son, and Nephew, saith the LORD.

I will also make it a Possession for the Bittern, and Pools of Water: and I will sweep it with the Besom of Destruction, saith the LORD of Hosts.

And BABYLON, the Glory of Kingdoms, the Beauty of the CHALDEE'S Excellency, shall be, as when God overthrew SODOM and GOMORRAH.

It shall never be inhabited; neither shall it be dwelt in from Generation to Generation: neither shall the ARABIAN pitch Tent there, neither shall the Shepherds make their Fold there.

But wild Beasts of the Desert shall lie there, and their Houses shall be full of doleful Creatures, and Owls shall dwell there, and Satyrs shall dance there.

And the wild Beasts of the Islands shall cry in their desolate Houses, and Dragons in their pleasant Palaces: and her Time is near to come, and her Days shall not be prolonged.

IV.

For Thee grim Death, for Thee the yawning Grave
From all her Caverns calls th' illustrious Slain,
Heroes and earthly Kings, divinely brave,
Valiant for nought, and powerful in vain!

V.

All These affrighted, from their craggy Beds
Starting in Haste, thy loathed Carcass meet;
On Thee they gaze, and taunting shake their Heads,
And thy Approach and Vanities thus greet;

VI.

And art Thou fall'n at length, as We? and must
Thy Pow'r too perish, which was once the Dread
Of Kings? thy Noise is brought beneath the Dust,
And crawling Worms thy putrid Limbs o'erspread!

The LORD of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand:

For the LORD of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his Hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?

VII.

How art Thou fall'n, thou brightest Son of Day !
Thou, who didst weaken all the Nations wide !
How are thy splendid Glories done away,
Thy Pomp, thy Revels, and thy wonted Pride !

VIII.

Thou saidst, To Heav'n a Deity I'll rise,
My Throne upon the sacred Mountain place ;
My Pow'r, high-rais'd above the starry Skies,
Shall awe the conquer'd World's submissive Race.

IX.

Yet shalt Thou sink into th' Abyss of Hell,
While wond'ring Nations gaze upon thy Fall,
And to each other thy Destruction tell,
Triumphant trampling o'er thy moulder'd Wall.

X.

Is this the Man who shook the trembling World,
And into Deserts turn'd the peopled Plain !
Who on proud Cities fiery Ruin hurl'd,
Nor ever loos'd his aged Pris'ner's Chain !

XI.

Departed Monarchs of the World All rest
 Enshrin'd in Glories in their native Land;
 But Thou shalt lie unburied, vilely cast
 A noisome Carcass on the desert Strand,

XII.

Trod by insulting Feet, --- nor e'er entomb'd:
 For Thou hast slain thy People, and the Name
 Of brutal Cruelty is ever doom'd
 To vain Repentance and eternal Shame.

XIII.

Arise, and to the Carnage quick advance,
 Ye Nations! and divide the bloody Prize;
 Cut off the Son, the last remaining Branch,
 Left from her Ashes other Cities rise!

XIV.

I will arise Myself, the LORD hath said,
 And with Destruction sweep away each Trace
 Of BABYLON, till her proud Tow'rs so low be laid,
 No future Times shall mark her wonted Place.

XV.

There the *wild* A R A B shall not pitch his Tent,
But all a naked, solitary Rock ;
No Shepherd there, the ruddy Day far spent,
Shall pen his Fold, or tend the bleating Flock ;

XVI.

But hungry *Monsters* in thy Chambers howl ;
And where thy Marble Palaces once stood,
The *Wolf* shall den, and Midnight *Tigers* prowl,
And the *Wild-Afs* require his scanty Food.

XVII.

There bloated *Toads* shall crawl, 'midst Poisons bred,
Where mirthful Riot gave the gladsome Sound ;
And where lewd Pleasure woo'd *Thee* to her Bed,
Scorpions and *Adders* aim the burning Wound.

XVIII.

What Hand shall dare annul the sacred Word
Which G O D hath sworn ? What Pow'r shall shut the Tomb ?
Who plead for *Thee* ? Who turn aside the L O R D,
Since He hath justly spoke thy fated Doom ?

THE
LAMENTATION OF DAVID
FOR
SAUL AND JONATHAN.

From the First CHAPTER of the Second BOOK
of SAMUEL*.

LAY Thee in Dust, O ISRAEL, and lament,
(Thy Garments and thy lovely Tresses rent,)
Lament thy Sons, their Glories done away;
Loudly lament GILBOA's fatal Day.

How

* And DAVID lamented with this Lamentation over SAUL, and over JONATHAN his Son.

The Beauty of ISRAEL is slain upon the High Places: How are the Mighty fallen!

Tell

How is thy Beauty on the Mountains slain!
 How are thy Warriors press'd beneath the Plain!
 Once for thy Triumphs fam'd, the Soil is dew'd
 With ISRAEL'S King and JUDAH'S sacred Blood.
 O may no Fame to ECKRON'S Tow'rs convey
 Or ASKELON, the Slaughter of that Day!
 Proclaim it not in GATH; lest the curs'd Race
 Of proud PHILISTIA joy in our Disgrace,

Tell it not in GATH, publish it not in the Streets of ASKELON; lest the Daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the Daughters of the Uncircumcised triumph!

Ye Mountains of GILBOA, let there be no Dew, neither let there be Rain upon you, nor Fields of Offerings: for there the Shield of the Mighty is vilely cast away, the Shield of SAUL, as though he had not been anointed with Oil.

From the Blood of the Slain, from the Fat of the Mighty, the Bow of JONATHAN turned not back, and the Sword of SAUL returned not empty.

SAUL and JONATHAN were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in their Death they were not divided: they were swifter than Eagles, they were stronger than Lions.

Ye Daughters of Israel, weep over SAUL, who clothed you in Scarlet, with other Delights; who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your Apparel.

How are the Mighty fallen in the Midst of the Battle! O JONATHAN, Thou wast slain in thine High Places!

I am distressed for Thee, my Brother JONATHAN: very pleasant hast Thou been unto me: thy Love to me was wonderful, passing the Love of Women.

How are the Mighty fallen! and the Weapons of War perished!

34 THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

Left the *strange Daughters* to their Sisters tell
 In Songs of Triumph how the Mighty fell !
 Left faithless CANAAN other Temples raise,
 And chant to IDOL GODS their impious Praise.
 Ye Mountains of GILBOA ; may no Dew,
 No kindly Show'r of Heav'n, descend on You !
 But all a barren Waste thy fruitful Field !
 For there the Weapons perish'd, there the Shield,
 For there the LORD'S Anointed fell ; there fled
 The Brave ; and mingled with the common Dead.
 In Scenes of Blood on SENEH'S hostile Ground
 The Bow of JONATHAN dealt Slaughter round :
 An Army shrunk beneath his Arm in Fight,
 The Mountains shook, and Warriors urg'd their Flight.
 The Sword of SAUL, too well PHILISTIA knows,
 Ne'er came unfated from his Country's Foes.
 Lovely the Heroes did each Danger share ;
 Lovely they trod the Ranks of crimson'd War :
 Swifter than Eagles on the liquid Way,
 Stronger than Lions o'er their trembling Prey :
 In Life one common Glory made them great,
 Alike in Death they shar'd one common Fate.

Weep for yourselves, ye Virgins, SAUL is dead,
Pale and dishonour'd lies th' anointed Head!
Whence now, ye Daughters, will your Beauties drefs'd
In gorgeous Habits, and the purple Vest,
Shine in the Dance; or at the holy Feast
Shew you the brightest Damfels of THE EAST?
Who bring you Riches from a foreign Shore,
Since SAUL is dead, and JONATHAN no more?
How are the Mighty fall'n! How vain on Earth
Is manly Valour, and superior Worth!
Thy Love to me, O JONATHAN, was far
Beyond the tender Love that Women bear:
From me no studied Cruelties cou'd part
Thy kind Affections and thy feeling Heart.
For Thee my Breast shall sigh in constant Woe,
For Thee mine Eye shall gush, and Sorrows flow.
No Ease from Grief my wounded Soul shall find,
No Season tear Thee from my troubled Mind!
How are the Mighty fall'n! How vain on Earth
Is manly Valour, and superior Worth!

P S A L M CXXXVIIth

P A R A P H R A S E D*.

I.

SILENT we stray'd by BABYLON's proud Stream,
And cheerless mourn'd along the desert Strand,
Our Glories vanish'd as a baseless Dream,
Our Temple burnt, and desolated Land.

* By the Waters of BABYLON, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered ZION.

We hanged our Harps upon the Willows, in the Midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a Song; and they that wasted us, required of us Mirth, saying, Sing us one of the Songs of ZION.

How shall we sing the LORD's Song in a strange Land?

If I forget Thee, O JERUSALEM, let my right Hand forget her Cunning.

If I do not remember Thee, let my Tongue cleave to the Roof of my Mouth; if I prefer not JERUSALEM above my chief Joy.

Remember, O LORD, the Children of EDMON, in the Day of JERUSALEM; who said, Raze it, raze it, even to the Foundation thereof.

O Daughter of BABYLON, who art to be destroyed: happy shall be he that rewardeth Thee as Thou hast served us.

Happy shall be he that taketh and dasheth thy little Ones against the Stones.

II.

Alas ! no Joy our sick'ning Hearts cou'd know ;
 No Melody we had, our Harps unstrung ;
 And, justest Emblems of our plaintive Woe,
 At Distance on the drooping Willows hung.

III.

When lo ! our haughty Lords thus taunting spoke,
 " Begin, sing SION's Song !" and shall we sing,
 When forely bruis'd beneath a foreign Yoke,
 Of SION's Glory, and her heav'nly King ?

IV.

If ever I forget my native Earth,
 May my Hand fail me in the doubtful Hour ;
 If I prefer not SION to my Mirth,
 May my Tongue fault'ring lose its wonted Pow'r.

V.

Look, LORD, from Heav'n, and view our sunk Estate,
 Thy ISRAEL trampled by the Nations down ;
 Remember EDOM, how she urg'd our Fate,
 And cry'd, Raze SION's Bulwarks to the Ground !

VI.

O BABYLON, how vain thine haughty Boasts !
 Since Ruin hovers o'er thy tott'ring Throne ;
 Destruction stalks around thy impious Coasts,
 And Desolation marks Thee for her own.

VII.

Our bleeding Wrongs to Thee shall be return'd ;
 When Thou shalt weep with unavailing Groans,
 Thy Virgins ravish'd, and thy City burn'd,
 And helpless Infants dash'd against the Stones.

THOUGHTS ON STONEHENGE

While viewed at a Distance, furrounded by innumerable BARROWS, the Repositories of ROYAL WARRIORS and BRITISH DRUIDS.

ADDRESSED TO THE
Most Noble GEORGE,
Late Lord Marquess of TWEEDALE.

——— *Pulcherrima Proles*

*Magnanimi Heroes, nati melioribus annis,
Hic Manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi
Quique Sacerdotes casti; dum Vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, & Phæbo digna locuti.*

VIRG.

I.

TO Thee, URANIA, serious Lays
And Heav'n-directed Themes belong;
Invok'd, assist my early Praise,
Disdainful of the venal Song.

II.

Nor Thou, illustrious HAY, refuse,
 Whose Line from ancient Heroes springs,
 Thy young Attention to the Muse,
 The Lore of Virtue while she sings.

III.

On these extended Plains, where Health
 Leads on in Dance the joyous Hours,
 And breathes out Fragrancy and Wealth
 Around * SEVERIA'S lofty Tow'rs.

IV.

With Wonder view how yonder Rocks,
 In Order wild and artless Grace,
 Surrounded by ten thousand Flocks,
 With awful Horror fill the Place.

V.

What but some Bard this Pile cou'd rear,
 Whose *Magic*, like AMPHION'S Lyre,
 Surpass'd the nicest Builder's Care,
 And bade the Columns high aspire.

VI. 'Twas

* SALISBURY.

VI.

'Twas here those Sons of ancient Fame,
Whom Glory fir'd and Justice led,
Ador'd their great Creator's Name,
And crush'd Ambition's guilty Head.

VII.

When Freedom call'd her to the Field,
Here * BOADICEA in her Carr,
Grasping her Javelin and the Shield,
Oppos'd the rugged Front of War.

* BOADICEA, whose Name is very differently written by *Roman* and *British* Authors, was the Wife of PRASUTAGUS, King of the ICENI, who were the Inhabitants of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Isle of Ely and Huntingdon; who at his Death devised his Dominions jointly between his two Daughters, who were under the Care of their Mother Queen BOADICEA, and the Romans. But They, under Pretence of performing the Will, took Possession of the Whole, his Treasures and his very Palace; his Daughters they deflowred; and the Queen, who shewed her just Resentment, they scourged with Rods. This Treatment she bore so long as no Remedy seemed to offer; but on a proper Opportunity, when the ROMAN Commander and great part of his Forces were gone on a distant Expedition, she so roused the Britons with a Sense of hers and their own Injuries, that she appeared in the Field at the Head of an Hundred and Twenty Thousand Men; with which she destroyed the ROMAN Colony at CAMALODUNUM, now MALDEN in ESSEX; and is said in the whole to have slaughtered no less than

VIII.

Ye, who love less the Good than Great,
 Think not these Warriors of Renown
 Admir'd the Blaze of ROMAN State,
 Aw'd by the conqu'ring Tyrant's Frown.

IX.

Think not that Ignorance in Chains
 E'er bound or pluck'd fair Reason's Wing;
 O'er his own Land and small Domains
 Each ancient PATRIARCH was a King.

Eighty Thousand ROMANS. This brought back PAULINUS, the Roman General, to the Assistance of his massacred Countrymen, and the decisive Battle was fought, as some imagine, on SALISBURY PLAIN near STONEHENGE.

BOADICEA drew up her own Forces herself, and in an open Chariot, accompanied by her two Daughters, passed between the Ranks, encouraging her Men to end at once the ROMAN Name, and effectually assert their own Freedom. But the Event neither equalled her Courage or the Justice of her Cause; the BRITONS were totally defeated, with the Loss of not less than Eighty Thousand Men. This Battle was fought in the Year 63. As for BOADICEA, her Heart was too great to grace a ROMAN Triumph, and she dispatched herself by Poison.

The BRITONS, out of Gratitude, erected a stately Monument to her Memory, which some too fondly have persuaded themselves, that they have found in STONEHENGE, which is of much earlier Date, and doubtless was a DRUIDICAL

X.

Cou'd but our modern Heroes view
 These godlike Men of mighty Name,
 Perhaps some few, some honest few,
 Wou'd weep, or blush with conscious Shame.

XI.

As Flow'rs that with Enamel paint
 The Mead, yet hide beneath their Bloom
 The pois'nous Worm, so Pleasures taint
 The Spring of Life, and speed our Doom.

XII.

What weighty Profits shall we reap
 When Wealth and Ease our Spirits tame?
 Awake, ye BRITONS, as from Sleep
 Arous'd, and catch the gen'rous Flame.

Temple; the very Ruins of which at this Day must strike the Beholder with the most reverential Awe, and shew how excellently calculated it must have been for the solemn Purposes of Devotion, and the Attendance of perhaps the greater part of the Inhabitants of that Part of the Island on the public Ceremonies of their Religion.

XIII.

Lo ALBION's pensive GENIUS grieves
Her bravest Sons, now silent round
Those hanging Stones, as wither'd Leaves
Which thick bestrew the Winters' Ground.

XIV.

Those Sons, who scorn'd the ROMAN Yoke,
Born but for great and glorious Ends;
Who oft th' Invader's Pow'r had broke,
And fav'd their Country and their Friends.

XV.

Each Hero in a teeming Mound,
Contented fills the cold Abode,
And from his Temple waits the Sound
That soon shall call Him to his GOD.

XVI.

Tho' buried in the gaping Womb
Of Time, and in the dark Abyfs,
A Voice still whispers from the Tomb,
" These rest in everlasting Bliss!"

XVII.

No Superstition cou'd impart,
Or teach the Worth of Freedom's Laws;
But true Religion warms that Heart
Which bravely bleeds in Virtue's Cause.

XVIII.

Let no vain Hand with impious Toil
Disturb this consecrated Place,
Or once profane that hallow'd Soil
Ennobled by the *Patriot* Race.

XIX.

Under yon Turf their aged Bones,
Equal in regular Decay
The Ruin of these half-fall'n Stones,
And gently mould'ring sink away.

XX.

That Work laid low in vulgar Dust,
Defying yet Time's rav'nous Claws,
Shall yield to the deep-piercing Rust;
And leave no Trace to say, IT WAS.

XXI.

Kingdoms and States by various Ways
Shall fall, by one fix'd Period bound;
What mighty Ages scarce cou'd raise,
At length some tranfient Hours confound.

XXII.

Shall Man expect a longer Date
Than fuch vaft Monuments of Pow'r?
He too muft stoop to iron Fate,
Nor reach beyond the ftated Hour.

XXIII.

The Pomp and Glories of the Proud,
And the vain Pleasures of the Gay,
At laft are wrapt within that Shroud
Which ends this *Tragi-comic* Play.

XXIV.

But let thy early Youth beware
False Pomps, vain Joys, unwieldy Pride,
And fervile Flattery's gilded Snare;
Let Probity adorn thy Side.

XXV.

Cherish the feeling virtuous Mind,
So shall thy Years this Truth fulfil,
That TWEEDALE's Blood and GRANVILLE's join'd,
Must constitute the HERO still.

A D D R E S S E D
 TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE
 MARCHIONESS of TWEEDALE.

On the NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TWEEDALE, look back and with Attention view
 The Years and Seasons which have shone on You;
 Say how some virtuous Work each parting Day
 Highly distinguish'd, ere it pass'd away:
 In Recollection yet again repeat
 Each Act, whose Incense rose to Heav'n so sweet:
 Then own in all the Round there dwells not one
 You'd wish forgotten, or a Deed undone.
 'Tis thus the Good increase the narrow Span
 By Providence assign'd to short-liv'd Man:
 'Tis thus the fleeting Moments they retrieve,
 And twice enjoy the Pleasures which they give.

TO THE

Right Hon. Lady GRACE HAY,

DESIRING HER

P I C T U R E.

WHEN beauteous HAY shall deign t'invite the Muse,
 Say, who the pleasing Subject can refuse?
 Yet they, who know but half her Charms, will ask,
 Who is so hardy to attempt the Task?
 Who can well paint those Eyes that mildly shine,
 That melt with Pity, beam with Light divine?
 The rosy Graces which her Cheeks adorn,
 And far out-bloom the rising Blush of Morn?
 The well-arch'd Forehead and the flowing Hair,
 And all the little Loves that wanton there?
 That inbred Dignity which glows so strong,
 And shews the gen'rous Blood from whence she sprung?

H

So all partake the Sun's enliv'ning Rays,
Yet few can well describe the glorious Blaze.
Who saw her Face, and Shape so finely turn'd,
Wou'd say, for such the fam'd PIGMALION burn'd,
When smiling VENUS gave a Life to Form,
And the fond Sculptor found the Statue warm?
Who saw those Charms that glow within her Soul,
And flowing thence invigorate the Whole,
Alike to these, wou'd say, with nicest Care
Some Goddess stamp'd her perfect Image there,
To shew us with how dazzling Lustre here
On Earth, celestial Beauties may appear.

A D D R E S S E D
 TO THE
 MOST NOBLE GEORGE,
 Late MARQUESS of TWEEDALE,
 ON HIS
 B I R T H - D A Y.

SINCE now revolving Time, illustrious HAY,
 To Thee brings round the stated Year, O say,
 Did thy young Mind in retrospective View
 Examine well the Moments as they flew?
 Didst Thou reflect how short the Race we run,
 How small, how lessen'd by each setting Sun?
 Did thy attentive Soul discern the Fears
 And Hopes, that wait us in this Vale of Tears?
 What piercing Anguish and what endless Woe
 From Appetite indulg'd and Passion flow?
 Revolve the Scene, and in fair Reason's Eyes
 Confess, how weak the Blessings which we prize.

Then fix on firmer Ground thy rising Youth,
 On the firm Basis of immortal Truth.
 While sweet Benevolence attends thy Side,
 O let *maternal* Footsteps be thy Guide!
 Await her Call, and listen to her Voice,
 And let her bright Example be thy Choice;
 Learn all thy Virtues thence; and early shew
 Under her leading Hand how strong they grow!
 How soon, how well, thy Mind's luxuriant Soil
 Equals her Wishes, and repays her Toil.
 Thus in thy bright Perfections we shall find
 Her easy Manners, and her gentle Mind.
 And in thy Actions see with Joy confess
 The godlike Feelings of her gen'rous Breast.
 So shalt Thou own the Glories she hath lent
 From ancient Titles and an high Descent,
 Are poor and trifling Honours, when compar'd,
 With that exalted Merit Thou hast shar'd;
 And that she made Thee Great beyond all Blood,
 When first she taught the Lesson TO BE GOOD.

T O T H E S A M E,
ON HIS RECOVERY FROM A
F I T of S I C K N E S S.

T W E E D A L E, to Thee what tributary Lay
 Shall the Muse bring on this auspicious Day;
 How breathe her grateful Off'rings to the Pow'r
 Who footh'd thy Terrors in the doubtful Hour,
 Withheld the gloomy Bodings of Despair,
 And heal'd the Sorrows of *maternal* Care?
 Long may that Pow'r, by her Entreaty mov'd,
 Give to the *Mother's* Pray'r the Son improv'd,
 Give Her to see in each succeeding Year
 Some rising Greatness in thy Soul appear,
 To see renew'd the Glories of thy Sire,
 And her own Sweetness mix'd with T W E E D A L E's Fire.

54 TO THE MARQUESS OF TWEEDALE.

Illustrious Youth! mark whence thy Lineage springs,
 From Heroes great, and Heav'n-distinguish'd Kings;
 Warriors and Patriots, Names renown'd of Old,
 In Council prudent, and in Action bold;
 Who sav'd their Country from impending Ill,
 The People's Madness or the Tyrant's Will;
 And let the fair Review inform thy Mind,
 Man merits most, when *most* he serves Mankind.
 That 'tis the Privilege of gen'rous Blood,
 From great Examples to be greatly Good;
 To save the Wretched; heal the Wounds of Strife;
 And, bidding live, revere the Source of Life.
 Let social Arts endear thine honour'd Name
 Beyond the Glare of fell Ambition's Fame,
 So shall enlarg'd Benevolence confess
 Thy own rich Blessing in the Pow'r to bless;
 And teach mistaken Crouds this Lore to read,
 "Virtue alone is Happiness indeed."

S T A N Z A S

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

RIGHT HON. LADY GRACE HAY,

WHOSE AMIABLE SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION

AND

INNOCENT SENSIBILITY OF HEART

JOIN'D

TO STRONG SENSE AND A DISCERNING JUDGMENT,

RENDER'D HER EQUALLY ESTEEM'D

AND

LAMENTED.

I.

O Say, ye Guardian Angels, who convey
Departed Mortals with a SERAPH'S Flight,
Through fiery Regions and a starry Way,
To golden Vales and Seas of liquid Light!

II.

Say, bright Conductors, did you ever lead
A Soul so spotless to the blest'd Abode?
Or e'er present amongst the happy Dead
A purer Spirit at the Throne of GOD?

III.

Say, how the heav'nly Host with Ardor strove,
And joy'd to see their own high Natures join'd,
Their Heart-felt Charities, and pious Love,
To mortal Virtues, and a female Mind.

IV.

May her Remains in sacred Peace repose,
Where budding Flow'rs perfume th' ambient Air,
While from her moss-grown Grave the blushing Rose
Shall spring, as she short-liv'd, as she so fair!

V.

Tho' dead, her virtuous Praise shall ever live,
And in each pitying Tale for ever bloom,
And still, superior to Decay, survive
The Sting of Death, and Silence of the Tomb.

VI. Entranc'd

VI.

Entranc'd in Joys ineffable, her Soul
Swims in the Fulness of those blest'd Retreats,
And views unmov'd the Vanities which roll
On Earth ; far plac'd beneath those happy Seats.

VII.

Hence then all Tears and Sighs and piercing Groans,
For why should Sorrow in her Sables clad,
All plaintively despairing pour her Moans
In empty Wailings, impotently sad?

VIII.

Or why shou'd Memory o'er th' unfeeling Clay
Sit lonely penfive with her streaming Eyes,
And consecrate to endless Grief the Day
That gave *another Angel* to the Skies ?

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

The Most Noble G E O R G E,

Late LORD MARQUESS of TWEEDALE.

S T O P, Stranger! whose sad trembling Footsteps tread
 These dreary Mansions of th' illustrious Dead,
 Stop thy rude Haste, and with Attention learn
 A fatal Lesson from th' instructing Urn!
 Learn, that nor Wit nor Beauty yet cou'd save
 From the long Silence of the darksome Grave!
 Hence let no dying Wretch with latest Breath
 Attempt to move the dull cold Ear of Death,
 Nor, vainly plaintive, weep his early Fate,
 Since such Perfections claim'd no longer Date.
 Alas! in vain did ev'ry rising Grace
 Name Him the promis'd Glory of his Race!
 Now wrapt within a Shroud, He sinks away
 To common Earth, the Blossom of a Day.

So the red Flash of Heav'n is scarcely seen
 To blaze in Glory, ere 'tis lost again :
 So the Rose plac'd beneath th' inclement Sky
 Buds forth in purple Beauties, but to die.
 But as when warmer Suns and milder Skies
 Bid all the Beauties of the Spring arise,
 And call the Flow'r in gaudiest Colours forth
 From the cold Bosom of its Mother Earth,
 So shall He spring to everlasting Day,
 Call'd forth by Angels from encumb'ring Clay,
 In happier Climes, immortal, from the Tomb
 To rise and flourish with superior Bloom !
 Succeeding Ages level in the Dust
 Th' inscriptive Marble and the speaking Bust,
 While Innocence and virtuous Worth, alone,
 More during than the Monumental Stone,
 Deeply imprinted on a living Scrawl,
 Shall last and bloom, eternal as his Soul.

E P I T A P H

O N

The Right Honourable Lady GRACE HAY.

IS this the tender Breast which rais'd Desire?
 Are these the Eyes that flash'd celestial Fire?
 View HER, whom Nature labour'd to adorn,
 Sweeter than Lilies or the Breath of Morn;
 Where are the roseate Cheeks, the flowing Hair,
 And the ten thousand Loves that wanton'd there?
 All these, alas! and more than these, are fled,
 And black Corruption reigns in Beauty's stead.
 Once She was what you are; and none shall save
 The loveliest Body from the loathsome Grave.

E P I T A P H

O N

The Hon. Mr C A R T E R E T

I N

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TEMPUS LOQUITUR.

*QUID Breves te delicias tuorum
Næniis PHOEBI chorus omnis urget,
Et meæ falcis subito recisum
Vulnere plangit?*

*En Puer Vitæ præmia caducæ!
Hic tuam Custos Vigil ad favillam
Semper astabo, & memori tuebor
Marmore Famam.*

*Audies clarus pietate morum,
Integer, multæ studiosus artis,
Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc sequetur
Æmula Pubes.*

T I M E S P E A K S.

I.

WH Y do all musically sad
Lament Thee mingled with the Dead,
The Favourite of the tuneful Band
Cropt in full Bloom beneath my Hand?

II.

See the Reward of short-liv'd Youth;
When bless'd with Innocence and Truth,
The Glories that embalm the Brave,
And snatch their Mem'ry from the Grave.

III.

Here, hers'd beneath these Marble Stones,
Still will I guard thine honour'd Bones;
And, faithful to thy Worth, proclaim
To each succeeding Age thy Fame.

IV.

Here the attentive Youth shall learn
Thy Manners from the sculptur'd Urn,
And, while to imitate they strive,
Shall keep thy Virtues yet alive.

A D D R E S S E D

T O

The Right Hon. Lady CATHARINE HAY,

O N H E R

B I R T H - D A Y.

ETERNAL, pitying Pow'r! indulgent, hear;
 And ye, kind Spirits, waft on high my Pray'r;
 May the remaining Light of TWEEDALE's Line
 For ever lov'd, for ever honour'd, shine!
 Ye know what Souls that sacred Line has giv'n,
 Saints written in the living Books of Heav'n!
 O lend this last to dry a Mother's Tears,
 The pious Solace of her sinking Years!
 Pour on her Head full Scenes of precious Blifs,
 As great as Heav'n bestows, and Angels wish!

May

May no pale Care beneath her tender Breast
 Prey on the budding Blossom of her Rest!
 May all her rising Morns unclouded be,
 And all her setting Suns as fair as She!
 May She reflect with a discerning Eye
 How frail, how fast the passing Moments fly;
 How vain and tasteless ev'ry earthly Joy
 That, falsely pleasing, lulls but to destroy.
 That near the Violet, as it sweetly blows,
 The Nettle stings, and pointed Bramble grows;
 And learn, that oft the fairest Flow'r contains
 The deadliest Poison in its beauteous Veins!

Hence may She each succeeding Year improve
 In Heart-felt Charities and heav'nly Love!
 Hence may she 'scape those Ills which Others know,
 From hapless Passions in this Vale of Woe!
 Hence may She ever to our longing Eyes
 In some new virtuous Charm enchanting rise,
 And shew how fair is Beauty, when 'tis join'd
 To the rare Graces of a lovely Mind!

T H E

DEATH of ADONIS.

From the GREEK of BION.

I Moan ADONIS dead! the Loves bemoan
 ADONIS, fair ADONIS, dead and gone.
 VENUS, no longer prefs thy purple Bed,
 Arise, and weep thy lov'd ADONIS dead;
 Give way to loud Lament and mad Despair,
 And pluck the Chaplet from thy golden Hair;
 With Locks dishevell'd thy dear Lofs deplore,
 And wildly cry, "ADONIS is no more!"

I moan ADONIS dead! the Loves bemoan
 ADONIS, fair ADONIS, dead and gone.
 On the sharp Rock behold ADONIS lie,
 The Blood fresh gushing from his wounded Thigh;

That Thigh, far whiter than the Tooth which tore
 Its snowy Skin, beneath the savage Boar !
 The purple Stream, distilling from the Wound,
 Deforms his comely Limbs, and stains the Ground :
 Thick Darknes spreads around his closing Eyes,
 And on his Cheek the Rose and Lilly dies.
 Yet VENUS still bedews his Clay-cold Mouth,
 And presses with her Lips th' expiring Youth :
 In vain !—no more He gazes on her Face,
 Nor feels her parting Sigh, nor strong Embrace ;
 Nor tastes within his stiff'ning Limbs the Kifs,
 Which might the silent Dead awake to Blifs.

I moan ADONIS dead ! the Loves bemoan
 ADONIS, fair ADONIS, dead and gone.
 Deep was the Wound which rent the lovely Part,
 But deeper that which pierces VENUS' Heart.
 His faithful Dogs around Him howling stand,
 And the WOOD-NYMPHS all join the weeping Band.
 All, all bemoan the Youth !—But VENUS chief
 In all the frantic Agonies of Grief :

With naked Feet where flinty Pebbles lay,
 Thro' pointed Briars now wildly takes her Way,
 Tearing her Locks, which loofely flow'd behind,
 While her rent Garments flutter'd in the Wind ;
 Regardless She alike of Shame or Fear,
 Flies where sharp Thorns her tender Bosom tear ;
 Now o'er the Rock and thro' the thick-set Wood,
 While her sweet Body drops celestial Blood :
 Loudly She shrieks, and seeks ADONIS fled,
 Loudly demands again ADONIS dead.
 While wet with Blood, the earthy Sod his Herse,
 A naked, breathless, melancholy Corse ;
 The Youth, insensible to Pity, lies,
 Nor hears her Sobs, nor knows her plaintive Cries !

Come, All ye Loves, with never-ceasing Groan,
 Come, All ye pitying Loves, and VENUS moan !
 VENUS has lost, for ever lost her Joy ;
 VENUS has lost her lov'd, her beauteous Boy ;
 He was to VENUS all her Soul ; the Fire
 That melted all her Bosom to Desire.

VENUS has lost her Charms, ADONIS dead,
 With Him, her Wit, her Grace and Form are fled!
 No more the Queen of Love,---but all forlorn
 She strays, her Beauty gone, and Tresses torn!
 Mountains and Oaks lament; and from their Hills
 The weeping Fountains pour their trickling Rills:
 The Rivers too their fuller Currents swell,
 And in their Murmurs VENUS' Sorrows tell;
 In bloody * Torrents roll along the Plain,
 And tinge with crimson'd Floods the distant Main.

* We came to a fair large River, with a Stone Bridge over it of one Arch, but that exceeding wide and lofty. To this River the Turks give the Name of *Ibrahim Bassa*; but it is doubtless the ancient River ADONIS, so famous for the *idolatrous* Rites performed here in Lamentation of ADONIS. We had the Fortune to see what may be supposed to be the Occasion of that Opinion, which LUCIAN relates concerning this River, *viz.* that this Stream, at certain Seasons of the Year, especially about the Feast of ADONIS, is of a bloody Colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of Sympathy in the River, for the Death of ADONIS, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this Stream rises. Something like this we actually saw come to pass; for the Water was stained to a surprising Redness, and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the Sea a great way into a reddish Hue, occasioned, doubtless, by a Sort of *Minium*, or red Earth, washed into the River by the Violence of the Rain, and not by any Stain from ADONIS's Blood.

MAUNDREL's *Travels from Aleppo to Jerusalem.*

The op'ning Flow'rs all drop in purple Dew,
 And with their drooping Heads lament Him too.
 But VENUS chants her Woes in ev'ry Vale,
 And tells to ev'ry Stream her piteous Tale;
 Thro' Countries, Towns, and peopled Cities roves,
 And madly wails her disappointed Loves.

VENUS, alas! ADONIS is no more!
 ECHO repeats the Loss from ev'ry Shore,
 VENUS, alas! ADONIS is no more!
 Who did not suff'ring VENUS Sorrows know,
 Mourn all her Anguish, and partake her Woe?
 When first She saw the Blood his Limbs besmear,
 Who wou'd not mix with her's the pitying Tear?
 When first She trembling view'd the clotted Gore,
 Who did not feel the piercing Pangs she bore?
 With wringing Hands, while Groans obstruct the Way,
 She crys, Ah! stay; Ah! dear ADONIS, stay!
 Yet one Embrace---raise thy sunk Head to mine;
 Yet one---and let me mix my Lips with thine;
 Give me a parting Kifs; one Kifs yet give!
 Kifs me, tho' dead, until the Kifs shall live!

Until thy Spirit from the Body part,
 Glide thro' my Mouth, and flow into my Heart.
 Till I've drawn from Thee all thy Store of Love,
 Each Particle that did our Passions move!
 That Kifs I'll keep, as lost ADONIS dear,
 Safe will I keep it, as ADONIS, here.
 Why didst Thou fly me, fly me to the sad
 Dark Confines of th' inexorable Dead?
 Why am I doom'd a Goddess here to stay,
 And breathe the Sorrows of eternal Day?
 Why am I doom'd to envy ev'ry Ghost,
 That wanders on that melancholy Coast?
 Take, PROSERPINE, go, take my lovely Boy,
 Since, stronger far than Love, thy Pow'rs destroy;
 Since ev'ry Flow'r which smiles upon the Plain,
 Unfolds its Beauty but to deck thy Reign;
 Distress and Woe are mine, and endless Pain,
 For ever mourning my ADONIS slain!
 Alas! my Life, far ravish'd from my Sight!
 Alas! my Joy, deep sunk in endless Night!
 Remembrance scarce can figure to my Mind
 How much we lov'd, and how in Love we join'd?

ADONIS gone, my past Enjoyments seem
A Tale told out; my Love a faithless Dream!
VENUS is widow'd now --- in vain the Loves
Fly round their Queen, or haunt the CYPRIAN Groves.
Her CESTUS too is gone, the *Magic Zone*
Which rais'd Desire, and made all Love her own.
Ah! hapless Youth! why leave the fond Embrace
Of thy lov'd VENUS, for the dang'rous Chace?
Why did thy Beauty hunt the savage Spoil?
Love claim'd Thee All, and Love shou'd be thy Toil.

Thus VENUS wept, and thus she pour'd her Moans,
While weeping Loves repeated all her Groans,
In all her Grief their equal Sorrows bore;
VENUS, alas! ADONIS is no more!
As many sanguine Drops ADONIS bled,
So many falling Tears his VENUS shed:
Such precious Drops made Earth its Flow'rs disclose;
Hers form'd th' *Anemone*, and his the *Rose*.

ADONIS I bemoan; the Youth bemoan;
ADONIS, fair ADONIS, dead and gone.

Leave,

Leave, VENUS, leave thy lonesome Haunts;---no more
'Midst hanging Rocks ADONIS loſt deplore;
Attend Him laid upon thy favourite Bed,
The Scene of all thy Loves now holds Him dead;
Tho' Dead!—Yet all the Graces are not gone,
But ling'ring hang about their darling Son!
Say, 'tis not Death, nor for ADONIS weep,
But own Him beautifully fair in Sleep!
Take Him, O VENUS, take Him by thy Side,
On golden Couches with thy wonted Pride;
Such as when firſt Thou clasp'd Him in thy Arms,
And gave up all the Fulneſs of thy Charms:
There on thy dear ADONIS ſtill beſtow
Attentive Love, and to his Boſom grow;
Place Him 'midſt Lilies, but, alas, each Flow'r
With Him is dead, and ſhrunk beneath its Bow'r!
Show'r Roſes down, and ev'ry Flowret bring,
Pour on Him all the Sweetneſs of the Spring!
But where is Sweetneſs now? ADONIS dead,
The Spring is gone, and every Sweetneſs fled.
ADONIS lies upon his purple Bier,
With all th' officious Loves attending near;

Some wash his Wound, and some the clotted Gore
 Wipe from his Skin, so lovely white before.
 Some with their Wings around him fanning stray,
 And ev'ry noisome Insect drive away ;
 All strive to join their Mother's plaintive Woe,
 One blunts his Arrows, th' other breaks his Bow.

All the soft Loves the Goddesses all bemoan,
 Weep with her Tears, and answer Groan for Groan.
 Expecting HYMEN mourns, and in the Porch
 Of his own Temple quench'd the nuptial Torch!
 Ah me! no more the HYMENEAN Song
 Is heard ; Alas ! alas ! sighs ev'ry Tongue !
 The GRACES all lament with frantic Air,
 And equal wretched VENUS in Despair ;
 Ever repeating, " All our Joys are fled !
 " Beauty is gone with fair ADONIS dead !"
 The IRON FATES themselves lament their slain,
 And strive to charm Him into Life again.
 Alas ! in vain. --- No Vow, no Pray'r can move
 Stern PROSERPINE ; or plead the Force of Love !
 Cease, VENUS, cease ; thy Grievs no farther shew,
 Refrain thy gushing Sorrows now ; but go

With all thy Woes, as * each succeeding Year
Revolves, and drop again the plenteous Tear.
Make Lilies grow, and Roses round his Tomb,
Entwin'd with Violets, shed their early Bloom.

* ——— THAMMUZ came next behind,
Whose *annual* Wound in LEBANON allur'd
The SYRIAN Damsels to lament his Fate
In amorous Ditties, all a Summer's Day;
While smooth ADONIS from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea; suppos'd with Blood
Of THAMMUZ *yearly* wounded: The Love-Tale
Infected SION's Daughters with like Heat,
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
EZEKIEL saw; when by the Vision led
His Eyes survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated JUDAH.

MILTON's *Paradise Lost*.

T H E

FOWLER AND CUPID.

From the GREEK of BION.

AS a young Fowler spread his Net one Day,
 CUPID was perch'd upon a neighb'ring Spray;
 Struck with the Sight, He laid his Toils, nor fear'd
 T' entrap at once the new-found, beauteous Bird.
 He plac'd his Snare, and watch'd in ev'ry Part,
 But still the GOD eludes his cunning Art.
 From Tree to Tree He skips, nor fears the Threads
 Or Wiles, which the industrious Sportsman spreads.
 The simple Youth, at length enrag'd, throws down
 His Toils, and calls his Father to the Ground,
 Shews Him the GOD, laments his Task undone,
 When the old Father thus instructs his Son;

“ Fly, foolish Boy,” He said; “ fly far away,
“ Leave thy vain Work, and seek another Prey:
“ That glitt’ring Bird bears Poison on his Wing,
“ Far happier Thou, untainted with the Sting!
“ He flies Thee now, but shall, upon thy Breast
“ Hereafter sitting, spoil Thee of thy Rest,
“ Perch on thy Head, and seize upon thy Heart,
“ And cheat Thee in thy own deceitful Art.”

C U P I D E S C A P E D.

From the G R E E K of M O S C H U S.

VENUS proclaim'd, (for Love had gone astray)
 Tell me who hides the wanton Runaway?

Whoe'er relates a Tiding He hath heard
 Of the lost Youth, a Kiss be his Reward;
 For Him who brings Him Home, there's something more;
 The richest Favor VENUS has in store.

Midst twenty Boys my Son you may discern,
 His Marks so well are known; his Eyeballs burn;
 His Body, dazzling as the solar Light,
 Shines out too brightly strong for mortal Sight:
 His Soul is wicked, but his Words are soft,
 Dear as to thirsty Swains the cooling Draught:
 His Tongue and Heart a different Meaning give,
 And when He kneels, it is but to deceive:
 Sweet is his Voice, but, if enrag'd, unkind,
 And then his Acts are bloody as his Mind.

Each Friend his faithless Weapons mostly hurt ;
Sighs are his Play ; and bleeding Hearts his Sport.
His Hair is beautiful ; but Forehead view'd,
Proclaims Him saucy, insolent and lewd.
His Hands are small ; but strengthen'd with such Art,
They widely scatter round the pois'nous Dart,
And far as STRYX ; for in his sad Domains
PLUTO himself hath felt its burning Pains.
Naked He goes ; but all his Thoughts defy
The Cunning of the most discerning Eye.
Like a fond Bird He leaps from Hand to Hand,
And takes on ev'ry Breast by Turns his Stand.
A Bow He bears, and Arrows small in Size,
Small is the Arrow, but to Heav'n it flies.
A golden Quiver holds th' envenom'd Quills,
Th' unerring Shafts with which He surely kills :
Those cruel Shafts I've felt, their Pow'r confess,
Those Shafts He aim'd, which pierc'd his Mother's Breast.
All, All is cruel, but his Torch so bright
It burns ev'n PHOEBUS, and o'erpow'rs his Light.
When found, in Chains the treach'rous Urchin bind ;
And let his moving Cries no Pity find.

If He shou'd weep, take Care lest He betray;
And tho' He laugh, yet force Him on his Way.
If for a Kifs upon your Knee He skip,
O fly! for Poison hangs upon his Lip.
If all his Arms He offer to bestow,
His Wings, his Torch, his Arrows and his Bow,
O touch them not; 'tis Fraud, no real Gain;
They're tipt with Fire, and each will give its Pain;
Each, tho' invisible, that Wounding makes
Which finds no Healing and for ever aches.

From

T H E

P O W E R of B E A U T Y.

From the GREEK of ANACREON.

NATURE indulgent, when she made, endu'd
 Each Animal with some peculiar Good.
 The BULL with Horns defies th' approaching Foe,
 The HORSE with Hoof directs the fatal Blow.
 The tim'rous HARE before the Hound is fleet,
 And finds the wanted Succour in her Feet.
 The brindled LION strikes with Fangs and Teeth;
 Proclaims his War, and threatens cruel Death.
 Their Wings secure the SONGSTERS OF THE WOOD;
 The FISHES seek their Safety in the Flood.
 Reason and Judgment unto MAN did fall,
 His happier Lot, and made Him Lord of All.
 All now was gone, no other Blessing left
 For WOMAN; and no self-defending Gift.

M

When Nature kind, and with a Parent's Care,
Gave Form, and made them beautifully fair.
Beauty, beyond the Sword and scythed Carr,
Beyond the Iron Ranks of mailed War,
Subdues, and deeply rends the stoutest Heart,
Wounding more surely than the feather'd Dart.
She who has Beauty's Shield, knows how to charm,
And strike the Dagger from th' uplifted Arm.
Can stay the bloodiest Veng'ance of the Brave,
And bid the proudest Conqu'ror be a Slave.

To Miss ———.

HAPPY*, thrice happy Youth is He,
 Whoe'er can fondly gaze on Thee;
 But still that Man is happier far
 Who thy deluding Tongue can hear;
 Who melts Thee to a burning Kiss,
 He is a Demigod in Bliss:
 But He who in his trembling Arms
 Enfolds the Richness of thy Charms,
 To Him, as to a God, is giv'n,
 The full Enjoyment of a Heav'n.

* *Qui videt beatus,
 Qui te audiet beatior,
 Qui te basiat Semideus,
 Qui te potitur est Deus.*

E R U F I N O.

Ex Anthologiâ Poem. Ital.

LUMINE ACON *dextro capta est* LEONILLA *sinistro,*
Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos,
Blande Puer, lumen quod habes concede Sorori,
Sic Tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa VENUS.

FAIRER than Angels of the Sky,
 ACON and CLOE want an Eye.
 Kind Youth, lend Her the wanted Sight,
 And make her Form compleatly bright;
 She then shall truly VENUS prove,
 You the blind Deity of Love.

THE
C U C K O W
AND THE
N I G H T I N G A L E.

Modernized from CHAUCER.

*Cum simul ac Species patefacta est verna Diei,
Et reſerata viget genitalis Aura Favoni,
Aëriæ primum Volucres te, Diva, tuumque
Significant Initum percuffæ corda tua Vi.*

LUCRETIVS.

I.

THE God of Love, whom all revere,
How absolute a Monarch here!
For He can raiſe the lowly Heart,
And ſink the lofty with his Dart;
To Softneſs melt the coldeſt Fair,
And calm the frantic Madneſs of Deſpair.

II.

He in a little Moment's Space,
Can to the wan and sickly Face
The florid Smile of Health restore,
And, if he will, reduce once more
To feeble State the lusty Swain;
Can bind imperious, and unbind again.

III.

What Tongue can speak his mighty Pow'r
Who turns to Folly Wisdom's Lore,
Whose uncontroll'd Dominion still
Equals the Measure of his Will;
Takes from the Lewd his Voice away,
And strikes the Proud with Dread and dire Dismay.

IV.

Whoe'er resists, resists in vain
This Author of our Mirth and Pain;
For He can change the mournful Sigh,
And Tears of Grief to Floods of Joy.
But, most the Hours of blithsome MAY
His sov'reign Rule, and various Pow'r display.

V.

For ev'ry true and gentle Heart
Feeling, or like to feel, his Dart,
Shall most of all confess his Reign,
And own his potent Influence then,
Or fraught with Glee, or sick with Shame
Of injur'd Passion, or a hopeless Flame.

VI.

For then the Fields with Flow'rs are gay,
The Birds enchant on ev'ry Spray ;
The Trees put forth in all their Pride,
And Nature teems on ev'ry Side :
This warms the Blood with genial Fires,
And lusty Thoughts of longing Love inspires.

VII.

An irksome Weight and ardent Stings
To All, impatient Longing brings ;
A secret Somewhat to obtain,
They sigh, and pine with anxious Pain :
From flow'ry MAY these Sorrows flow,
The deep Distress, which burning Wishes know.

VIII.

From dear Experience thus I speak :
 Tho' Age his Furrows on my Cheek
 Hath deep entrench'd, long since I knew
 What vernal Suns of MAY cou'd do ;
 In early Manhood doom'd to prove
 The Colds and Heats, strong Ague-Fits, of Love

IX.

Now, when the TWINS to their Abode
 Receive the planetary God,
 Fev'rish and restless still I lie :
 Short Slumbers close the Lover's Eye.
 Tossing I chide the tardy Night,
 And wish for the Return of cheering Light.

X.

As wakeful thus of late I lay,
 Musing what Lovers wont to say,
 How *now* disgustful is the Note
 Issuing from the CUCKOW's Throat ;
 But all delightful in the Vale
 The sweet love-labour'd Song of PHILOMEL!

XI. Musing

XI.

Musing — my sudden Fancy drew
The rural Scenes around to View,
If haply *there* might charm mine Ear
The Warblings which I long'd to hear :
For now advanc'd the Morning grey,
And the third Sun which shou'd illumine M A Y.

XII.

Soon as the Dawn appear'd, I rose,
And left my Couch of small Repose,
Fixt to the Woodland Scene to wend,
My solitary Course I bend,
And fearless pass along the Glade,
Where a clear Current's rippling Waters stray'd.

XIII.

At length a pleasing Lawn was seen
Of intermingled White and Green,
A verdant Lawn with Daifies dight,
The Grass and Flow'rs of equal Height,
So richly blended, that it show'd
Like a new Heav'n with silver Stars which glow'd.

XIV.

I sat me down amidst the Flow'rs,
And saw from their nocturnal Bow'rs
The Birds come tripping; joy'd they seem
To greet the Sun's returning Beam,
And, vying in Devotion, strove,
And fill'd with Harmony the vocal Grove.

XV.

Th' enchanting Service All by Rote
Perform, with many a lovely Note:
Some tune aloud the plaintive Song,
To others humbler Strains belong,
While others on the dancing Spray
From the full Throat pour forth the warbling Lay.

XVI.

Themselves they prune, and briskly flee
From Branch to Branch, from Tree to Tree;
But ever as their Place they change,
In Couples do the Wantons range;
Such Rule they to themselves prescribe,
As VALENTINE had pair'd the feather'd Tribe.

XVII.

The crystal River, by whose Side
I sat, ran on with murm'ring Tide,
And seem'd to join the Songsters all
As with Consent reciprocal :
And so accordant was the Whole,
No sweeter Harmony could charm the Soul.

XVIII.

Rapt with ecstatic Transport thence,
A gentle Slumber seiz'd my Sense :
Not all asleep, nor well awake,
Methought I heard the Cuckow speak ;
Said I, " Thou lewdest Bird of Fear,
" A Curse upon thy Cry, which grates mine Ear !"

XIX.

As thus the Bird I 'gan to chide ;
Straight from the Bush that stood beside,
I heard sweet PHILOMEL, among
The rest, attune her Mattin Song,
So clear, so loud, that as she sung
The Vale resounded and the Woodland rung.

XX.

“ Ah, charming PHILOMEL, sweet Bird,”
Said I, “ too late thy Voice is heard ;
“ For here has been the Bird of Shame,
“ The Cuckow lewd, of hateful Name,
“ With hideous Cry of foul Distaste,
“ May Heav’n’s vindictive Lightning blast his Nest.”

XXI.

While in this strange and slumb’rous Way,
This visionary Trance, I lay,
I seem’d (’tis wondrous!) to possess
Full Knowledge of the feather’d Race,
The Nature of their Tongue discern’d,
All their Intents, and ev’ry Meaning learn’d.

XXII.

Then thus said gentle PHILOMEL,
“ Be gone, good Cuckow, fare Thee well ;
“ Be gone, and leave the Place of Song
“ To whom the tuneful Airs belong ;
“ For All Men, trust me, All disdain
“ To hear thy wicked and reproachful Strain.”

XXIII.

The Cuckow said, "What ails Thee now?
"Methinks I sing as well as Thou;
"Clear is my Song, and true and plain,
"Altho' my Flights are not so vain,
"Altho' I skill not from my Throat
"To pour the varied and mellifluous Note.

XXIV.

"To All I sing; for is to None
"The Purport of my Song unknown,
"Not so dost Thou; for vain thy Skill,
"Thy Talent ineffectual still:
"For when Thou sing'st, *Ocy, Ocy,*
"What useful Knowledge of the Song have I?"

XXV.

She answer'd quick, "O foolish Fowl,
"And stupid as the Midnight Owl,
"What other Meaning canst Thou feign,
"My Wish except, that All were slain,
"Who Rebels to his Pow'r shall prove,
"Or dare blaspheme the sacred Name of Love?"

XXVI.

" My Wish except, that All were dead,
 " Who scorn a Life of Love to lead !
 " Who to serve Love have ne'er consented,
 " May perish foodless, unlamented ?
 " And so to crown my Wish, I cry
 " Again with cordial Zeal, *Ocy, Ocy**."

XXVII.

" Quaint Law," the Cuckow's Words reply,
 " That All shall love or All shall die !
 " To such Companions deaf I prove,
 " Dispos'd to live, but not to love,
 " And bid Defiance to thy Law,
 " Not doom'd the galling Yoke of Love to draw.

XXVIII.

" Lovers, of All that live below,
 " Taste most the bitter Cup of Woe ;
 " How pungent are the Grievs they share,
 " Disease, sad Poverty and Care !
 " Such are the Sorrows that await
 " This Passion ; such the hapless Lover's Fate."

* As from the Verb *Occido*, to kill or slay. *Ocy* does not seem to bear in the least any Reference to the Nightingale's Note; but CHAUCER, who was NATURE'S CHILD, doubtless had good Reasons for attributing it to her.

XXIX.

“ What Air,” quoth she, “ hath struck Thee blind,
“ What Error clouded all thy Mind?
“ For yet th’ experienc’d World discovers
“ No Service like the gen’rous Lover’s:
“ And Love a sure Reward shall find
“ For ev’ry mortal Wight of gentle Kind.

XXX.

“ Up to this Source of Love we trace
“ All Honor, Gentleness and Grace;
“ Sweet Ease and all Respect procur’d,
“ And perfect Joy and Trust assur’d;
“ Freshness, and Pleasures ever new,
“ And Jollity with all his mirthful Crew;

XXXI.

“ The lib’ral Hand and lowly Mind,
“ And Courtesie, for ever kind;
“ True Converse, fair-ey’d Comeliness,
“ And Dread of Shame for Deeds amiss;
“ For who to Love asserts his Claim,
“ Still deems far worse than Death the Dread of Shame.

XXXII.

- “ That this is true, I pledge in chief
“ My Life and Death on this Belief:
“ And CUCKOW, so, I trust, Thou wilt.”
“ O never may my Blood be spilt !
“ If to such Counfel e’er I bend,
“ Or e’er of Love’s Devoirs be styl’d the Friend.

XXXIII.

- “ For tho’ thou speakest wondrous fair,
“ Devoid of Truth thy Speeches are ;
“ Since Love in Youth is only Rage,
“ And very Childishness in Age ;
“ Who use it most shall most lament
“ The feeble Frailty of a Life mis-spent.

XXXIV.

- “ For thence low Spirits and Disease,
“ And sickly Nights, and careful Days,
“ Despight, Debate and Anger spring,
“ And Envy with a deadly Sting,
“ Distrust and Shame, and jealous Fears,
“ And Mischiefs wild, and Penury in Tears.

XXXV. “ Love’s

XXXV.

- “ Love’s but an Office of Despair,
“ Wherein is one Thing much unfair;
“ Who gets the little Blifs it gives,
“ In that Disport who fondly lives,
“ Too soon, or I misdeem, He may
“ Perceive his auburn Tresses change to grey.

XXXVI.

- “ Then still at Hand attend thy Mate;
“ For well believe me, ere too late,
“ Thou too, if distant far or long,
“ For all the Quaintness of thy Song,
“ Shalt pine and curse the broken Vow,
“ And hoot as hideously---as I do now.”

XXXVII.

- “ Thou veriest Dolt of all alive,
“ The God of Love ne’er let Thee thrive!
“ Rejoin’d the Bird of tuneful Glee,
“ For senseless Thou as Wood can be;
“ Since many a Man is highly rated,
“ Whose Worthiness has Love alone created.

XXXVIII.

“ For Love his Servants still amends,
“ From wayward Course and Guile defends:
“ While with an honest Flame they burn,
“ And base Allurements nobly spurn,
“ Love’s Patron fans the sacred Fire,
“ And crowns with solid Joys the pure Desire.”

XXXIX.

“ Thou NIGHTINGALE, (He cry’d,) be still;
“ In Love, not Reason rules, but Will;
“ How oft his Favors are conferr’d
“ On faithless Folk, mistaken Bird!
“ While Spirits constant, true and brave,
“ Despair, and sink unheeded to the Grave.”

XL.

At this the Bird I keenly ey’d,
Who from her inmost Entrails sigh’d,
And said, “ Alas, for some Relief,
“ For Utterance is choak’d with Grief!”
And straight her deep Concern She show’d
In Streams of Sorrow from her Eyes that flow’d.

XLI.

“ Alas,” said She, “ it stirs my Hate
“ To hear this filthy Cuckow prate,
“ To hear th’ Intemperance of a Slave
“ Irrev’rend, thus impunely rave:
“ O God of Love, thy Succour deign,
“ To wreak some Vengeance on the Wretch profane!”

XLII.

These Menaces preferr’d, anon
The Bird of stern Debate was gone;
Then Pleasure sparkled in my Eyes
When from the Brake I heard Him rise,
And, of myself in Scorn, to say,
“ I go:---so farewell, farewell, Popinjay.”

XLIII.

But to the Place where still I lay
Sweet PHILOMELA wing’d her Way,
“ I come,” said She, “ to greet my Friend,
“ Who wish’d my Party to defend,
“ And make this Vow to mighty Love,
“ Thy Songstrefs for his fav’rite Month to prove.”

XLIV.

“ Due Thanks returning, I regard
“ Such Courtesie my rich Reward.”
She added, “ And let no Dismay,
“ For that Thou first hast heard to-day
“ The Cuckow’s Note, thine Heart appal;
“ As MAY returns, Thou hear’st my prior Call.

XLV.

“ And cherish ever while You live
“ The sage Advice which now I give,
“ Trust not the filthy Cuckow’s Song,
“ Replete with Falshood, Fear and Wrong.”
“ No Cuckow’s Song I trust, but still
“ From Love and It much Weight of Woe I feel.”

XLVI.

“ Then all this smiling Month of MAY,
“ When the Sun gains his Height of Day,
“ This Rule of Remedy be thine;
“ Seek the fresh Daisie ere you dine,
“ Since far that healing View shall go
“ Thy Griefs to lessen, and remove thy Woe.

XLVII.

“ But chiefly bent be all thy Care
“ On Truth and Honor to the Fair ;
“ If such thy Truth, I raise again,
“ For Love of Thee, my fav’rite Strain.”
This was its Tenor---“ O beshrew
“ All Hearts of Levity and Love untrue !”

XLVIII.

And having ceas’d, “ Adieu, poor Heart,”
She cry’d, “ since dearest Friends must part ;
“ And Love’s indulgent Pow’r, who may
“ Bless Thee with so much Joy to-day,
“ Such Joy as wont the Soul to melt,
“ And such as ever ardent Lover felt !”

XLIX.

Thus parted I and PHILOMEL :
With Her some Pow’r propitious dwell,
And bless Her in her native Woods
With Love’s dear Joys, and fruitful Broods ;
And shield us from the Cuckow’s Lore,
The falsest Bird that ever Feather wore !

L.

She flew where in the neighb'ring Vale
The winged Tenants of the Dale
Assembled were in free Debate,
And there disclos'd her mortal Hate
Of the lewd Cuckow, and besought
Their Patience to the piteous Tale She brought.

LI.

“ This filthy Bird, I may not hide
“ His arrogant presuming Pride,
“ Has insolently dar'd to move
“ With me a Contest strange of Love,
“ Since Morning dawn'd ; from you I crave
“ Strict Justice on the vile offending Slave.”

LII.

Then One, for all the rest, replies,
Whom sage Experience render'd wise,
“ The Birds, who this Assembly fill,
“ Meet not of Summons here, but Will :
“ The Cuckow gone ; 'tis fit We find
“ A legal Meeting of the feather'd Kind ;

LIII.

“ And when the sov’reign EAGLE crown’d
“ Shall sit in State, his Peers around,
“ The CUCKOW then in hard Restraint,
“ We weigh the Justice of thy Complaint;
“ Then Judgment follows, or We draw
“ The due Protest for Liberty and Law.

LIV.

“ When VALENTINE has pair’d us all,
“ The Day succeeding be the Call,
“ Under the *Maple* fair and green
“ Which fronts the Window of the Queen,
“ Where the gay Forest charms our Eyes,
“ And WINDSOR’s airy Tow’rs salute the Skies.”

LV.

Obeisance paid, her Leave She took,
And on the Hawthorn by the Brook
High-warbling sung--- “ Till Life is past
“ Alike my Life and Love shall last;”
So shrill--- it banish’d from my Head
The Charm of Slumber,---and the Vision fled.

P R E S E N T E D T O

The Right Hon. Lady CATHARINE HAY,

On Her M A R R I A G E.

HENCE all ye wanton Loves who wildly rove
 In careless Beauties thro' th' Idalian Grove,
 Wood-Nymphs and Graces, with the amorous Boy,
 Fabled Attendants on the Queen of Joy.
 But come Thou brighter Pow'r whose rightful Throne
 Was rais'd, when Love and Innocence was One.
 Come such as when the loveliest first-form'd Pair
 By *Thee* were taught the mutual Bliss to share.
 Such as Thou led'st them forth in happiest Hour,
 When spicy Odours fill'd the conscious Bow'r,

When ev'ry Flow'r a purpler Glory shed,
And Sweetness join'd to form the nuptial Bed,
There Roses blush'd, where pale-fac'd Lillies lay;
'Twas Nature's Present on the bridal Day.
If since that Union Thou hast ever join'd
A manly Worth to Beauty's softer Mind,
Be present now, where kindred Virtues wed;
Bless all their Loves, propitious to the Bed
Which Merit claims; and as great TWEEDALE's Line
Hath shone so bright, still brightly may it shine:
Make other Sons, those Honors which it bore,
Revive, and be what it has been before.
May tenderest Bliss still dearer prove each Morn,
And Love's fair Roses blow without a Thorn.
May sweet Content be theirs; while Truth combin'd
With Honor, keep the Virtue's she hath join'd.
May Faith, Affection and true Joy conspire
To fondly cherish still the temp'rate Fire,
May their Flame last and sacred as the Blaze
That warm'd the *Vestal* Temple with its Rays.
Thus while they Both with virtuous Passion burn,
From them mistaken Crouds this Truth shall learn,

106 TO LADY CATHARINE HAY.

That Virtue when She gives makes Joys compleat,
And Pleasure waits a Handmaid at her Feet,
That Worth can higher raise the noblest Blood,
And that the truly happy are the Good.

F I N I S.

